

*Mess.* My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.  
*Bru.* With what Addition.

*Mess.* That by proscription, and billes of Outlawrie,  
*Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,*  
Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.

*Bru.* Theirin our Letters do not well agree:  
Mine speake of seuentie Senators, that dy'de  
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

*Cassi.* *Cicero* one?  
*Messa.* *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription

Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?  
*Bru.* No *Messala*.

*Messa.* Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing *Messala*.

*Messa.* That me thinkes is strange.

*Bru.* Why aske you?

Heare you ought of her, in yours?

*Messa.* No my Lord.

*Bru.* Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

*Messa.* Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell;

For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why farewell *Portia*: We must die *Messala*:

With meditating that she must dye once,

I haue the patience to endure it now.

*Messa.* Euen so great men, great losses shold indure.

*Cassi.* I haue as much of this in Art as you,

But yet my Nature could not beare it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our worke aline. What do you thinke

Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

*Cassi.* I do not thinke it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cassi.* This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemy seeke vs,

So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,

Doing himselfe offence, whilst we lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.

*Bru.* Good reasons must of force giue place to better:

The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground

Do stand but in a forc'd affection:

For they haue grud'd vs Contribution.

The Enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number vp,

Come on refreshed, new added, and encourag'd:

From which aduantage shall we cut him off.

If at *Philippi* we do face him there,

These people at our backe.

*Cassi.* Heare me good Brother.

*Bru.* Vnder your pardon. You must note beside,

That we haue tride the vtmost of our Friends:

Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,

The Enemy encrease every day,

We at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a Tide in the affayres of men,

Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:

Omitted, all the voyage of their life,

Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.

On such a full Sea are we now afloat,

And we must take the current when it serues,

Or loose our Ventures.

*Cassi.* Then with your will go on: wee'l along

Our selues, and meet them at *Philippi*.

*Bru.* The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,

And Nature must obey Necessitie,

Which we will nigard with a little rest:

There is no more to say.

*Cassi.* No more, good night;

Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Enter Lucius.*

*Bru.* *Lucius* my Gowne: farewell good *Messala*,

Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,

Good night, and good repose.

*Cassi.* O my deere Brother:

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Neuer come such diuision 'twene our soules:

Let it not *Brutus*.

*Enter Lucius with the Gowne.*

*Bru.* Euery thing is well.

*Cassi.* Good night my Lord.

*Bru.* Good night good Brother.

*Tit. Messa.* Good night Lord *Brutus*.

*Bru.* Farewell euery one.

Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?

*Luc.* Heere in the Tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowzily?

Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd,

Call *Claudius*, and some other of my men,

He haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.

*Luc.* *Varrus*, and *Claudius*.

*Enter Varrus and Claudius.*

*Var.* Cals my Lord?

*Bru.* I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe;

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On businesse to my Brother *Cassius*.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand,

And watch your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not haue it so: Lye downe good sirs,

It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.

Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I sought for so:

I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

*Luc.* I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.

*Bru.* Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull,

Canst thou hold vp thy heame eyes a-while,

And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

*Luc.* I my Lord, an't please you.

*Bru.* It does my Boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty Sir.

*Bru.* I should not vrge thy duty past thy might,

I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I haue slept my Lord already.

*Bru.* It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:

I will not hold thee long. If I do liue,

I will be good to thee.

*Musicke, and a Song.*

This is a sleepey Tune: O Mord'rous slumbler!

Layest thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,

That playes thee Musicke? Gentle knaue good night:

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,

He take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the Lease turn'd downe

Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

*Enter the Ghost of Caesar.*

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?

I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes

That shapeth this monstrous Apparition.

It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?

Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare?

Speake to me, what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy euill Spirit *Brutus*?

*Bru.* Why com'st thou?

*Ghost.*

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

*Bru.* Well: then I shall see thee againe?

*Ghost.* I at *Philippi*.

*Bru.* Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:

Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.

Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudius*, sirs: Awake:

*Claudius*.

*Luc.* The strings my Lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.

*Lucius*, awake.

*Luc.* My Lord.

*Bru.* Did'st thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst

out?

*Luc.* My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?

*Luc.* Nothing my Lord.

*Bru.* Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudius*, Fellow,

Thou: Awake.

*Var.* My Lord.

*Cla.* My Lord.

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe?

*Both.* Did we my Lord?

*Bru.* I: saw you any thing?

*Var.* No my Lord, I saw nothing.

*Cla.* Nor I my Lord.

*Bru.* Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*:

Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,

And we will follow.

*Both.* It shall be done my Lord.

*Exeunt*

### Actus Quintus.

*Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

*Octa.* Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,

You said the Enemy would not come downe,

But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:

It proues not so: their battailes are at hand,

They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere:

Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know

Wherefore they do it: They could be content

To visit other places, and come downe

With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face

To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;

But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you Generals,

The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:

Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,

And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* *Octavius*, leade your Battaille softly on

Vpon the left hand of the euen Field.

*Octa.* Vpon the right hand I keepe thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you crosse me in this exigent.

*Octa.* I do not crosse you: but I will do so. *March.*

*Drum.* *Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would haue parley.

*Cassi.* Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talke.

*Octa.* Mark *Antony*, shall we giue signe of Battaille?

*Ant.* No *Caesar*, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would haue some words.

*Oct.* Stirre not vntill the Signall.

*Bru.* Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?

*Octa.* Not that we loue words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better then bad strokes *Octavius*.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes *Brutus*, you giue good words

Witnesse the hole you made in *Caesar*'s heart,

Crying long liue, Haile *Caesar*.

*Cassi.* *Antony*,

The posture of your blowes are yet vknowne:

But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,

And leaue them Hony-lesse.

*Ant.* Not stinglesse too.

*Bru.* O yes, and soundlesse too:

For you haue stolne their buzzing *Antony*,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hackt one another in the sides of *Caesar*:

You shew'd your teethes like Apes,

And fawn'd like Hounds,

And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Caesar*'s feete;

Whilst damned *Caska*, like a Curie, behinde

Strooke *Caesar* on the necke. O you Flatterers,

*Cassi.* Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,

This tongue had not offended so to day,

If *Cassius* might haue rul'd.

*Octa.* Come, come, the cause, if arguing make vs swet,

The prooue of it will turne to redder drops:

Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,

When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?

Neuer till *Caesar* three and thirtie wounds

Be well aueng'd; or till another *Caesar*

Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

*Bru.* *Caesar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,

Vnlesse thou bring'st them with thee.

*Octa.* So I hope:

I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.

*Bru.* O if thou wert the Noblest of thy Straine,

Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.

*Cassi.* A peeuisch School-boy, worthles of such Honor

Ioy'd with a Masker, and a Reueller.

*Ant.* Old *Cassius* still.

*Octa.* Come *Antony*: away:

Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;

If not, when you haue stomackes.

*Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army*

*Cassi.* Why now blow winde, swell Billow,

And swimme Barke:

The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho *Lucilius*, hearke, a word with you.

*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*

*Luc.* My Lord.

*Cassi.* *Messala*.

*Messa.* What sayes my Generall?

*Cassi.* *Messala*, this is my Birth-day: as this very day